

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

NELSON'S COLUMN

As a lanky lad of 17, Jeff Reynolds was given a trial by Charlton Athletic. He showed promise, was signed on amateur forms, then became a professional.

Somehow the boy did not develop as expected, and when an offer was received from Torquay United, in the Third Division, Charlton let him go.

That was before the war—and Charlton forgot about him until one Saturday this season, when . . .

Manager Jimmy Seed and ten Charlton players were waiting on a railway station before an away match. One player short.

A brawny Household Cavalry man, 6ft. 2½in., 14 stone, approached the party and shook hands with goalkeeper Hobbins.

"Who's that chap?" Seed asked one of the players.

"That? That's Jeff Reynolds. Used to play for us," he was told.

Seed thought again and remembered. . . Jeff Reynolds, the lanky boy of 17.

"Care for a game to-day?" Seed asked him. Jeff played—and turned in a smashing display.

He will go on playing for Charlton, too, for Seed quickly re-signed the boy he once forgot.

Without having to pay a transfer fee—and all because when war broke out Torquay also forgot—to place him on their retained list.

REMEMBER . . . Rugby League star J. C. Morley, of Wigan, one-time Welsh Rugby Union international? He is now a surgeon-lieutenant, R.N.

England centre-forward Jack Bowers, of Derby County and Leicester City? He has a younger brother, P. Bowers, now making good as Middlesbrough's centre-forward.

Sid Hoar, former Arsenal and Luton outside-left? Hoar, present Luton left-winger, is his nephew.

George Stephenson, Motherwell and Scotland inside-forward? George has made his country a present of his eleven international jerseys—to help in the coupon shortage!

WHEN Arsenal full-back Eddie Hapgood played against Wales at Wembley in February, he was making his 43rd appearance for England in an international match, establishing an English record that will certainly survive for a great many years.

Eddie, though, cannot yet claim to be within distance of the greatest of all international achievements, for the Welsh wonder-winger, Billy Meredith, played no fewer than 41 times for his country in an international career that lasted from 1895 to 1920.

Scotland and Ireland lag some way behind. Alan Morton, Glasgow Rangers' "wee, blue devil" of a winger (as opponents used to call him), played 31 times for Scotland, and Elisha Scott, the Liverpool goalkeeper, took part in 33 internationals for Ireland, though Scott's record might have been more impressive had his club always been able to release him when Ireland sought his aid.

One achievement of Hapgood is, however, without parallel. He has been captain of his national side no fewer than 34 times.

JOHN NELSON.

ACROSS THE WORLD ON SKATES

"I Get Around"

By
RONALD
RICHARDS

I was gripped by the beauty and grace of a skater at Richmond the other day. I knew her style, but just couldn't think who it was.

As she passed me I spotted a tiny golden elephant on her chest. I knew then that it was Daphne Walker.

I hadn't seen Daphne for several years, since she left Waterloo, en route for Budapest, where she won the world skating championship in 1939.

Then she was almost a child and almost a champion. Now she is a young lady and a champion.

She was wearing a silver grey frock of French lace. The material was brought back from Dunkirk during the evacuation of the B.E.F.—it was quite the most delicate and stunning creation I have seen.

Daphne remembered me, and we had some coffee while she changed her skates.

We talked of her travels, and I was amazed that this very beautiful young lady, who had travelled across four continents and through a dozen countries to gain her present position of to-morrow's Ice Queen, was completely unspoiled, and very, very modest.

We retraced her journey, and this is the story she told me . . .

Switzerland

When I was ten I went abroad for the first time, to St. Moritz. It was like fairyland. I skated every morning on natural ice, and the snow around glistened in the sun, which became so hot by noon that we had picnic lunches sent down from the hotel, and ate them alongside the ice rink. I was never allowed to ski for fear of breaking my legs, but watched with great envy. In the afternoons we lugged, then went to Hanselmans for tea. To think of the delicious cakes makes my mouth water. After tea I usually went

South Africa

We sailed from Adelaide to Capetown on a small cargo boat and had a very rough trip, not seeing land for three weeks. From Capetown we motored to Johannesburg, where I lived for three months. They built an ice rink in the Empire Exhibition, and most of the natives building it had never seen ice before, and when I put on my skates and started to jump and spin their eyes nearly popped out of their heads. We motored up to Kruger Park, which is a large reserve for wild animals, about 300 miles long. You have to go in a closed-in car, and must not get out, as the animals roam about in their natural state. There are several camps, containing many small huts, which you may rent for the night or holidays. Around these camps there are huge fires, and at night you can hear the animals roaring in the distance. We saw three lions (one had just killed its prey) and a lioness with her cubs, a leopard, giraffes, and many other wild animals.

Sweden

In 1937 I went to St. Moritz again for the European Championships, then up to Stockholm for the World Championships. We saw Stockholm at a great disadvantage, as there was a restaurant strike. All the big hotels were closed, and it was difficult to get things to eat.

Norway

From Sweden we travelled to Oslo. I have been there twice, and love it. They have a huge stadium, holding 25,000 people, with an ice speed track around the ordinary skating surface. We went for a lovely trip up Frognasæta. You start in a little tram, and then walk up the mountains. Halfway up is a big log cabin, where we had a very appetising lunch. Further up is a darling little ice rink overlooking the fjords. Each time I went to Oslo I was presented with a silver Viking ship, and it is said that if one of these is given to you, you will always return. I sincerely hope so.

Denmark

On the way back home we stopped in Copenhagen. While walking one day we came across a canal, and women, wrapped in shawls, sitting by the canal, cleaning fish, which their menfolk had just caught. It made a quaint picture. . . .

Holland

We flew to Amsterdam, then motored to the Hague, where I have exhibitions in the new rink. I have never seen so many bicycles; everyone seemed to have one, and the motorists were nowhere in it. The houses were painted in bright colours, and everything was spotlessly clean.



Miss Daphne Walker commences a spin.



SILVER BLADES!

Above: In a flash of silver blades Daphne Walker completes her spin in the special show she gave for "Good Morning" at Richmond Ice Rink. Below: Our high-speed camera catches the ice queen in mid-air with three feet of space between her skates and the ice.



RULES OF THE GAME

A Quiz by "CAPTAIN CUTTLE"

It's quite a good idea to know the rules of the game you're playing. This isn't merely sarcasm; I have met scores of professionals who were easily caught out on points in the rules of the sport at which they earned their living. Let's try ourselves out. A crew could hold a puzzle corner on a quiz which I will give you. For instance, here are questions and answers:—

SOCCER.—(Q) Who kicks off—the side that wins the toss or the side that loses? (A) The winner of the toss has the alternative of choice of ends or of kicking off.

(Q) Are any players of either side, except the goalkeeper, permitted to stand nearer the goal-line than the ball during a penalty kick? (A) Certainly. They can all stand anywhere they like except inside the penalty area.

SNOOKER.—(Q) If the first player, with his opening stroke, misses the pyramid of reds entirely, does he have to play the shot again until he does hit a red? (A) No. His opponent takes four points

and plays the white from where it comes to rest. He is on a red, unless snookered, in which case he has a free ball.

(Q) The white strikes a red (the ball on), then cannons on to the black and then goes into a pocket. What is the penalty—4 or 7? (A) 4. It's the first ball contacted by the white which operates for penalties in this case. (Q) But suppose, in the above case, the black goes down instead of the red? (A) Penalty, 7. (Q) Suppose both white and black go down? (A) Penalty, 7—the highest ball.

DARTS.—(Q) Is "three-in-a-bed" game? (A) No, not according to the rules of the National Darts Association.

CRICKET.—(Q) Can a batsman ever be caught out off a tree? (A) Yes—if the tree is within the boundary and has not been agreed by the captains as a boundary.

LAWN TENNIS.—(Q) When a stroke is played, must the ball pass over the net? (A) No—but it mustn't pass under or through. It can go round the side post.

round the many souvenir shops. I never tired of looking at the fascinating Swiss clocks, trinket boxes and badges, etc. Once, when walking up the main street, I saw a poster advertising an ice gala, stating I was to give an exhibition; that was the first my mother and I had heard of it. They had forgotten to ask me.

Belgium

Christmas, 1935, we spent in Brussels. I have never had such a flat Christmas. The Belgians celebrate New Year, and I missed the turkey, Christmas trees, holly, and the fun of an English Christmas.

Australia

Just after my twelfth birthday I sailed for Australia. It was very thrilling—at Port Said natives clamouring to sell trinkets; at Aden the Queen of Sheba's bath; Bombay, the beautiful clothes of the women; at Ceylon the Buddhist temple, where we had to take our shoes off to enter; and then Australia. It was winter in Sydney, and yet so sunny that it was more like an English summer. Sydney harbour is by far the most beautiful I have seen; the bridge is magnificent.

Czechoslovakia

After going to Switzerland again we went to Prague for the 1939 World Championships. It was crowded with refugees from Austria and Sudetenland. There is an old part which is very interesting, with many beautiful buildings. A church is built on top of a very old church which has sunk into the ground.

Hungary

From Prague we flew to Budapest, where I won the Senior International Championship. We stayed in the St. Gellerts Hotel, and our bedroom overlooked the "muddy" blue Danube. Adjoining the hotel was a special swimming bath built over natural hot springs. An impressive church, which is just a cave, with altars and figures, stands by the Danube. These figures are lighted up most artistically, and I had an uncanny feeling while I was there. It was a very gay city—one of my favourites.

Germany

Then to Berlin. How orderly and suppressed everything seemed here! Representatives from various countries skated exhibitions, all giving the Nazi salute before skating. I said I would not do this, as I was British, but I was strongly advised to do so. Anyway, I went on to the ice and stood in front of the British flag and saluted the British way; only then did I salute Germany, to be polite. The Sportz Palatz is a very fine building, and the Berliners gave me a good reception.

America

I was only home a fortnight, then sailed for New York on the "Europa." After passing the stupendous Statue of Liberty I saw the New York skyline, and could not believe it was real. It looked like cardboard scenery. The whole time I was there I never seemed to come down to earth. So many parties and such a lot to do. I skated in Madison Square Gardens. For one scene in the carnival the ice was painted with water lilies, which only showed when a violet light was shone on them. I then went to Boston, which was much quieter and more like London. In one hotel there they have a merry-go-round for a cocktail bar. I went up to Canada, but am afraid I did not see much of the country, then back to New York, and home to England on the "Queen Mary."

After all my travels it was nice to be back in the old country. There is nowhere to touch England, and I am very proud to be British and live in London—the most wonderful city in the world.

One should never trust a woman who tells one her real age. A woman who would tell one that, would tell one anything.

Oscar Wilde.

Periscope
Page

Give it a name
Let's have the best title
your crew can devise
for this picture.



NEMO of the NAUTILUS

I FOLLOWED Captain Nemo into a sort of corridor lighted by electricity, similar to the waist of a ship. After going about a dozen yards a second door opened before me into a kind of dining-room, decorated and furnished with severe taste. High oaken sideboards, inlaid with ebony ornaments, stood at either end of the room, and on their shelves glittered china, porcelain, and glass of inestimable value. The plate that was on them sparkled in the light which shone from the ceiling, tempered and softened by fine painting. In the centre of the room was a table richly spread. Captain Nemo pointed to my seat.

"Sit down," said he, "and eat like a man who must be dying of hunger."

The breakfast consisted of a number of dishes, the contents of which were all furnished by the sea; of some I neither knew the nature nor mode of preparation. They were good, but had a peculiar flavour which I soon became accustomed to. They appeared to be rich in phosphorus.

Captain Nemo looked at me. I asked him no questions, but he guessed my thoughts, and said—"Most of these dishes are unknown to you, but you can eat them without fear. They are wholesome and nourishing. I have renounced the food of the land, and I am none the worse for it. My crew, who are healthy, eat the same food."

Then all these dishes are the produce of the sea?" said I. "Yes, professor, the sea supplies all my needs. Sometimes I cast my nets in tow, and they are drawn in ready to break. Sometimes I go and hunt in the midst of this element, which seems inaccessible to man, and run down the game of the submarine forests. My flocks, like those of Neptune's old shepherd, graze fearlessly the immense ocean meadows. I have a vast estate there, which I cultivate myself, and which is always stocked by the Creator of all things."

I looked at Captain Nemo with some astonishment, and answered—

"I can quite understand that your nets should furnish excellent fish for your table, and that you should pursue aquatic game in

Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

your submarine forests; but I do not understand how a particle of meat can find its way into your bill of fare."

"What you believe to be meat, professor, is nothing but fillet of turtle. Here also are dolphins' livers, which you might take for ragout of pork. My cook is a clever fellow, who excels in preparing these various products of the sea. Taste all these dishes."

DEEP THOUGHTS (?)

The diver who, when asked why he had been such a hell of a time coming to the surface, replied, "I 'ad to turn back, I'd forgotten to water my marine plants."

Time and "Tied"
Seven days in chains.

"That's what I call 'straining' to increase production," said Aunt Agatha when told that her nephew was taking a course in "gun-laying."

Enthusiasm plus . . . the diligent student who joined the Submarine Service because he believed in getting to the bottom of things.

Whilst I was tasting, more from curiosity than as a gourmet, Captain Nemo enchanted me with extraordinary stories.

"Not only does the sea feed me," he continued, "but it clothes me too. These materials that clothe you are wrought from the byssus of certain shells; they are dyed with the purple of the ancients, and the violet shades which I extract from the aplysis of the Mediterranean. The perfumes you will find on the toilette of your cabin are produced from the distillation of marine plants. Your bed is made with the softest wrack-grass of the ocean. Your pen will be a whale's fin, your ink the liquor secreted by the calamary. Everything now comes to me from the sea, and everything will one day return to it!"

"You love the sea, captain?"

"Yes, I love it. The sea is everything. It covers seven-tenths of the terrestrial globe. There is supreme tranquility. The sea does not belong to despots. On its surface iniquitous rights can

Follow the BRAINS TRUST

Conducted by HOWARD THOMAS

HERE'S a question that was recently asked the B.B.C. Brains Trust: "It is often said of a person that he or she is well-read. What is the Brains Trust's idea of a well-read person?"

And this is how it was answered by those present on this particular occasion:—

Tom Driberg, M.P.: "I should say that it's a person who has the time and the inclination to read Hansard in bed three nights a week and a detective story, say, two other nights, and poetry the other two nights."

Dr. Julian S. Huxley: "Well, I should like to say that Professor Gilbert Murray is my idea of a very well-read person, and I should very much like to hear what he says about it."

Professor Gilbert Murray: "Well, what I roughly think is that there are certain great works of literature which stand out as classics, or are specially interesting. And, on the whole, a well-read person is the person who has read a good many of them. I don't think that being well-read depends on the amount you've read. It depends a good deal more on the sort of

literature that you've read."

Rebecca West: "I've often thought that it's extremely hard to be a well-read person, because there's so little time in life, and I do know what you must do in order to be a well-read person."

"You must do two things first of all, I think. One is you must start reading early. Everybody I've known who has struck me as really well-read, and to have the feeling of literature, have read an enormous amount before they were twenty-one, sometimes

before they were even fourteen. And the second thing is that I think it's well worth the trouble of any parent who wants his child to grow up well-read, to prevent his playing card games—particularly bridge. You simply cannot do the two, and I've often found that in families where the children are encouraged to play card games, they just never caught up with the enormous mass of literature." Well, you Submarine Brains Trusters—what have you got to say?

Take a Tip on TABLE TENNIS

By GEOFF. HARROWER (Home Counties Table Tennis Championships Organiser, and present holder of the Men's Doubles Title, Barnet Open Singles, etc.).

KEEN table tennis players who wish to improve their game would do well to adopt the "orthodox" grip, which I outline below, and which is to-

day used by all the leading players, including Richard Bergmann, the present World Champion, and Viktor Barna, five times World Champion in the past.

Hold the bat so that your second, third and little fingers



A. — Orthodox Grip. Right-handed player, showing index finger.

are round the handle, with the index finger on one side of the playing surface and the thumb on the other. The index finger and thumb should be approximately parallel in a comfortable position, the thumb being on the forehand side of the bat, and the index finger on the backhand side.



B. — Orthodox Grip. Left-handed player, showing thumb.

With this grip, one has the advantage of being able to play strokes easily with both sides of the bat, an advantage denied to the old school of players who held their bats like a pen, and could only make strokes on the forehand side.

This grip is fully explained, with illustrations, in the book, "Modern Table Tennis," written by the popular English International Jack Carrington, which, although now difficult to obtain, is worth the trouble to the keen player.

QUIZ for today

RADIO QUIZ

Whose signature tunes are these:—

1. "Happy Days Are Here Again."
2. "On Ilkla Moor Baht 'At."
3. "Say It With Music."
4. "Bugle Call Rag."
5. "When Day Is Done."
6. "I do like to be Beside the Seaside."
7. "Here's to the Next Time."
8. "Colonel Bogey."
9. "We Three."
10. "It's That Man Again."

And can you unmask these radio stars?

1. Almost a Gentleman.
2. The Professional Idiot.
3. The Cheeky Chappie.
4. The Low Highbrow.
5. The Prime Minister of Mirth.
6. Teeth and Trousers.
7. The Street Singer.
8. The Peter Pan of Vaudeville.
9. The Long and Short of It.
10. The Forces' Sweetheart.

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Anton Dvorak.
2. An Oriental sailing vessel.
3. Nanking.
4. Queen Victoria.
5. Zeus.
6. The creation of the world.
7. "The many." It refers loosely to the mass of common people.
8. A Spanish woman's head-dress, usually lace.
9. Yes.
10. James I of England (James VI of Scotland).
11. No. They only reflect light.
12. Margaret Mitchell.

Buying Apples

Apples were being sold at three prices—one a penny, two a penny, and three a penny. A number of children (there were as many boys as there were girls) had sevenpence between them to spend on these apples, each receiving the same number. How many apples did they each receive? No apples were divided.

IS SHE CODDING US?

To the Editor

Sir,—It would be interesting to the general public, I am sure, to know where the bodies of cod fish go.

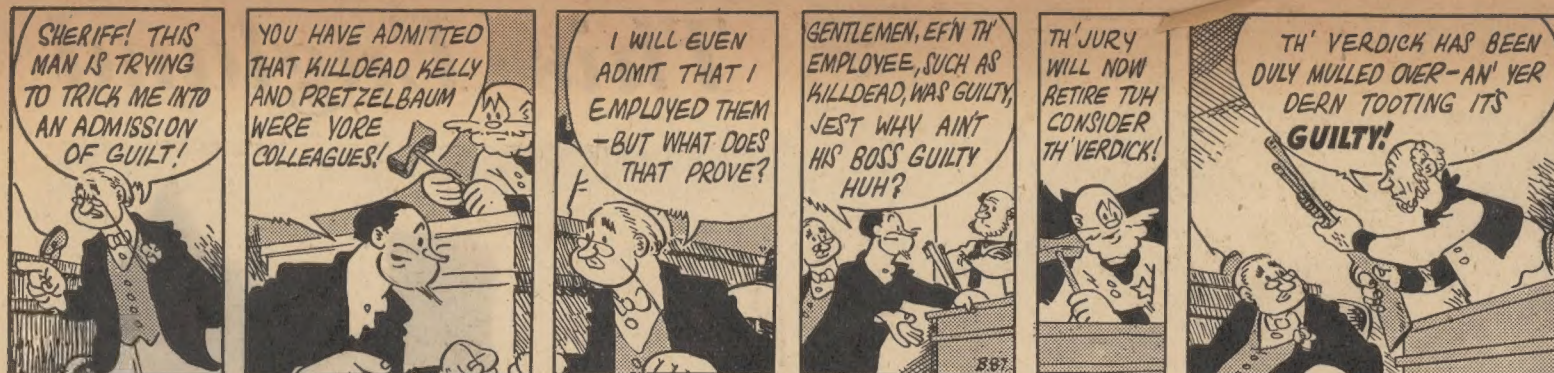
Judging by the fish shops overflowing with cods' heads, one must assume that bodies were attached, unless these fish have become disembodied and are cherubim of the ocean.

Yours faithfully,
MILDRED A. WATSON.
London, S.W.7.

JANE



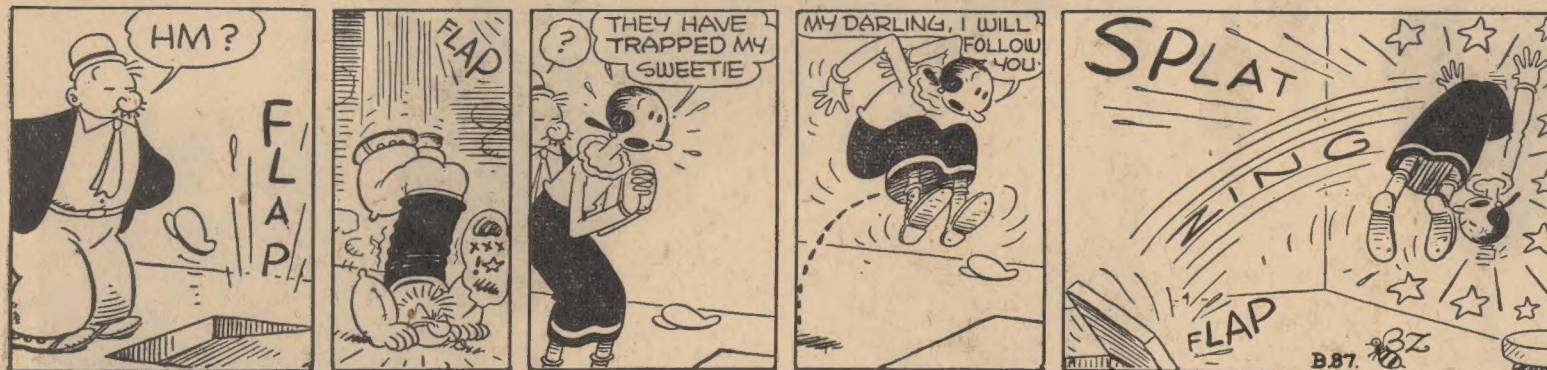
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



NEMO of the NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

think nor write. These books, professor, are at your disposition, and you can use them freely."

"Sir," said I to the captain, "I thank you for placing this library at my disposal, I see it contains treasures of science, and I shall profit by them."

"This room is not only a library," said Captain Nemo; "it is a smoking-room, too."

"A smoking-room?" cried I. "Then, sir, I am forced to believe that you have kept up relations with Havana?"

"No, I have not," answered the captain. "Accept this cigar, M. Aronnax; although it does not come from Havana, you will be pleased with it if you are a connoisseur."

I took the cigar that was offered me, and drew the first whiffs with the delight of an amateur who has not smoked for two days.

"It is excellent," said I, "but it is not tobacco."

"No," answered the captain. "It is a sort of seaweed, rich in nicotine, with which the sea supplies me, but somewhat sparingly."

(Continued to-morrow)

Heard This One?

"You must be plucky to want to book a sea trip in these times. Don't you know the sea is full of mines, and you might be hit by a torpedo and blown sky-high any minute?"

"Yes, I know all that, and it's just why I'm doing it. . . It's for the blinkin' mother-in-law!"



Wife: "John, John, the baby's crying. Do get up."

John: "Oh, but darling, the baby's half yours."

Wife: "I'm fully aware of that . . . but it happens to be your half that's crying."

Wife's mother had written to say that she was on her way to live with them for the duration of the war.

As, hatchet-faced, she approached the house, she saw a large crowd gathered.

Pushing her way to the front, she blinked in consternation at the damage a midnight fire had done—at the heap of bricks and charred furniture.

"Dear me," she gasped, her face livid, "I knew he was the terror of the ship, but I didn't think he'd go as far as that."

* * *

Two Irish navvies went for a job at a naval dockyard.

To a labourer standing at the dock-side, Pat said, "Where's the foreman?"

The labourer pointed to the water. "He went down there," he said.

Pat shed his coat and dived straight into the water. Twenty minutes later Mike began to get slightly worried. "I'll be getting along now," he said. "Looks as though the foreman has took Pat on."

* * *

The queue was pretty lengthy, and the assistant was dealing with a regular customer as patiently as possible, when in rushed a woman in a great hurry. Throwing down a ten-shilling note, she interrupted the conversation with, "Give me some catsmeat—QUICK."

Then, turning to the other customer, she said, "Hope you don't mind."

"Not if you're as hungry as all that," came the reply.

NELSON'S COLUMN

IT is a never-broken F.A. rule that no member of the Armed Forces may become a professional footballer. If a man wants to earn his living at Soccer, then his discharge from the Services must first be obtained.

Many fans were surprised, therefore, when Luton Town announced that two R.A.F. men, John Chew (left-back) and Sidney Dunkley (outside-left) had turned professional for them.

But the club's action is strictly within the law.

To avoid any complications, the point was referred to F.A. Secretary Stanley Rous, who held that the men were entitled to become professionals since they were serving in the Forces merely for the duration.

Dunkley only just comes into this category. He joined the R.A.F. on leaving school, but now, at 19, he has completed his period of service.

By re-joining the R.A.F. as a volunteer reserve he becomes a free agent in the eyes of the F.A.

COVENTRY—blitzed Coventry—has not lost its love of Soccer. The local League club resumed playing this season after a voluntary close-down.

Its net profit to the end of the year was £1,431.

BUSINESS-MAN greyhound-owner George Flintham, tired of seeing his dogs finish as also-rans behind record-breaking Ballynennan Moon, has spent £8,000 in importing new blood from Ireland.

George's best dog, Briar Wood, met the Moon a dozen times last year—and always finished behind him!

Now George has 25 new dogs with which to take a chance.

If any one does the trick, he'll be satisfied.

JIM BERRY, up-and-coming South Shields middle-weight, was once a booth-fighter, touring Scottish fairgrounds.

The show people offered £15 to anyone who could stay ten rounds with him.

Tommy Henderson, then Scottish cruiser-weight champion, was in the audience one night. He accepted the challenge. But—Berry stopped him in seven rounds.

WAR-TIME football is offering a rare chance to young players—and some of them are seizing it with both feet.

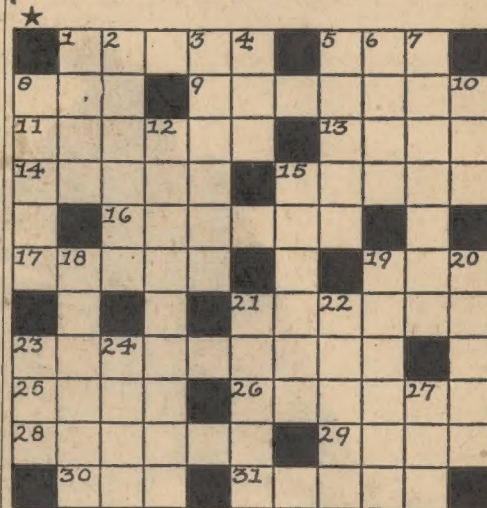
Four 16-year-olds, Barnfield (left-back), McLean (right-half), Crook (inside-right) and Rowley (outside-left) are distinguishing themselves in a younger-than-ever Wolverhampton Wanderers team for which Buchanan, a 14-year-old, plays occasionally.

Kenneth Shaw (15) and Gordon Addy (17) are Norwich City wingers, and Crystal Palace have two 17-year-olds—Teddy Harding (right-back) and William Ford (goalkeeper)—and an 18-year-old in Fred Bastin (no relation to Arsenal's Cliff).

It may be such players as these for whom the £5,000 fees are paid when football is resumed as a serious business.

JOHN NELSON.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Started.
- 5 Strike with hoofs.
- 8 Colourless.
- 9 Irish county.
- 11 Fix firmly.
- 13 Sort of pigeon.
- 14 Discolour.
- 15 Stormed.
- 16 Cry.
- 17 Shelters for cattle.
- 21 Land of S. Africa.
- 23 Shooting devices.
- 19 Small number.
- 25 On top of.
- 26 Let.
- 28 Drawing instrument.
- 29 Tacks.
- 30 Colour.
- 31 Undressed kid.
- Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Diet for slimming.
- 2 Cover round.
- 3 Beau.
- 4 And not.
- 5 Treadle.
- 6 Eager
- 7 Ripple.
- 8 Insects.
- 10 Conducted.
- 12 Obstruction.
- 15 Entertain choicely.
- 18 Piled.
- 19 Made a bother.
- 20 Verbosely.
- 21 Bovine beasts.
- 22 Musty.
- 23 Sport's trophy.
- 24 Boy's name.
- 27 Day before.

SHEET EXULT
TAX ROY SOW
ASH AVERAGE
F ACCADE A
FALLEN HULK
HEED BANE
WADE LESTON
H KNIGHT E
EPISODE ICE
TIN TOT NOD
SENSE SOGGY

Good Morning

communications to be addressed
"Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

T'S
IMPLY
NOT DONE



...sailor—here are several
lines and as many clove
...all done with three
...d circles and a couple of
...ersaults. And the pup
...: "It's really nothing—
...n do it again!" We are
...he could. We leave it
...to you to unravel.

This England



Spring, this year of grace, 1943. Could you imagine anything less war-like? Ancient and modern, but with peaceful purpose... stately windmill... warm thatch roof... bicycle, and just rounding the bend, a modern motor-car. Yet with it all, trees blossom as they always did, and children go to school, as we hope they always will. And it isn't in the wilds. Just two dozen miles from London. Near Harlow, Essex, to be precise.

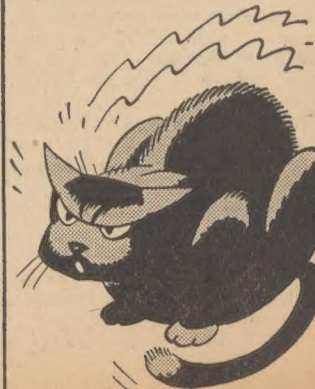
Maker of Cloud?

No—just a fireman at exercise "up-top"—but a pictureourcamera man thought you'd like to see.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Damn deafenin' din denotes diver—sufferin' cats!"



DIVER!

It's one of ours—the new Curtiss Torpedo Dive-Bomber operating with the Allied Fleets. A new pal above—give her a hand.